MARVEL®
BONUS MINI-COMIC INSIDE!
26th Sept. 87
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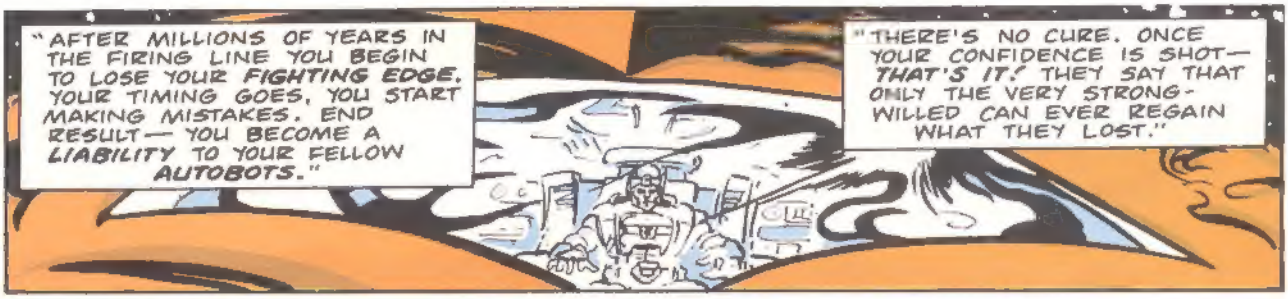
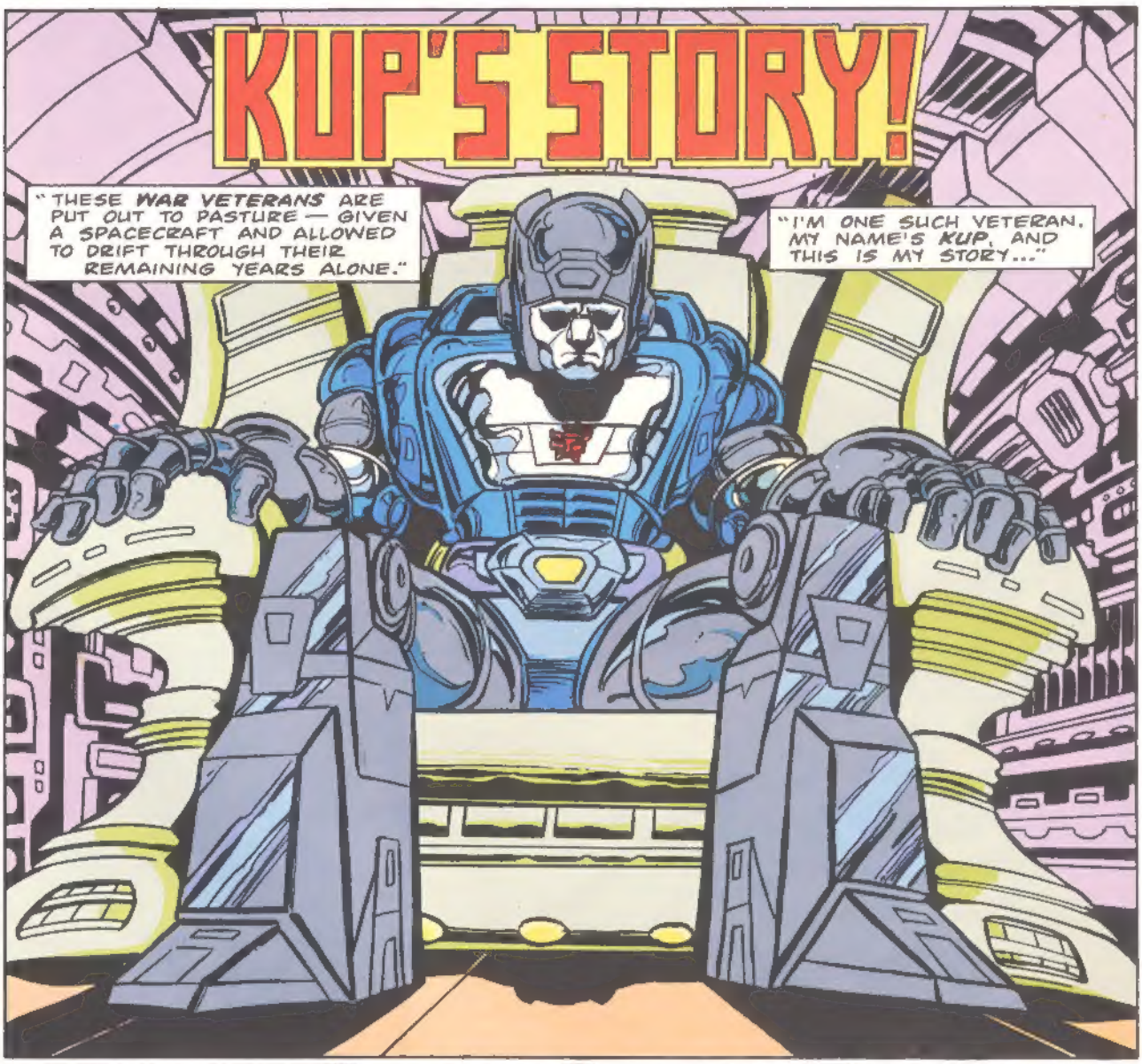
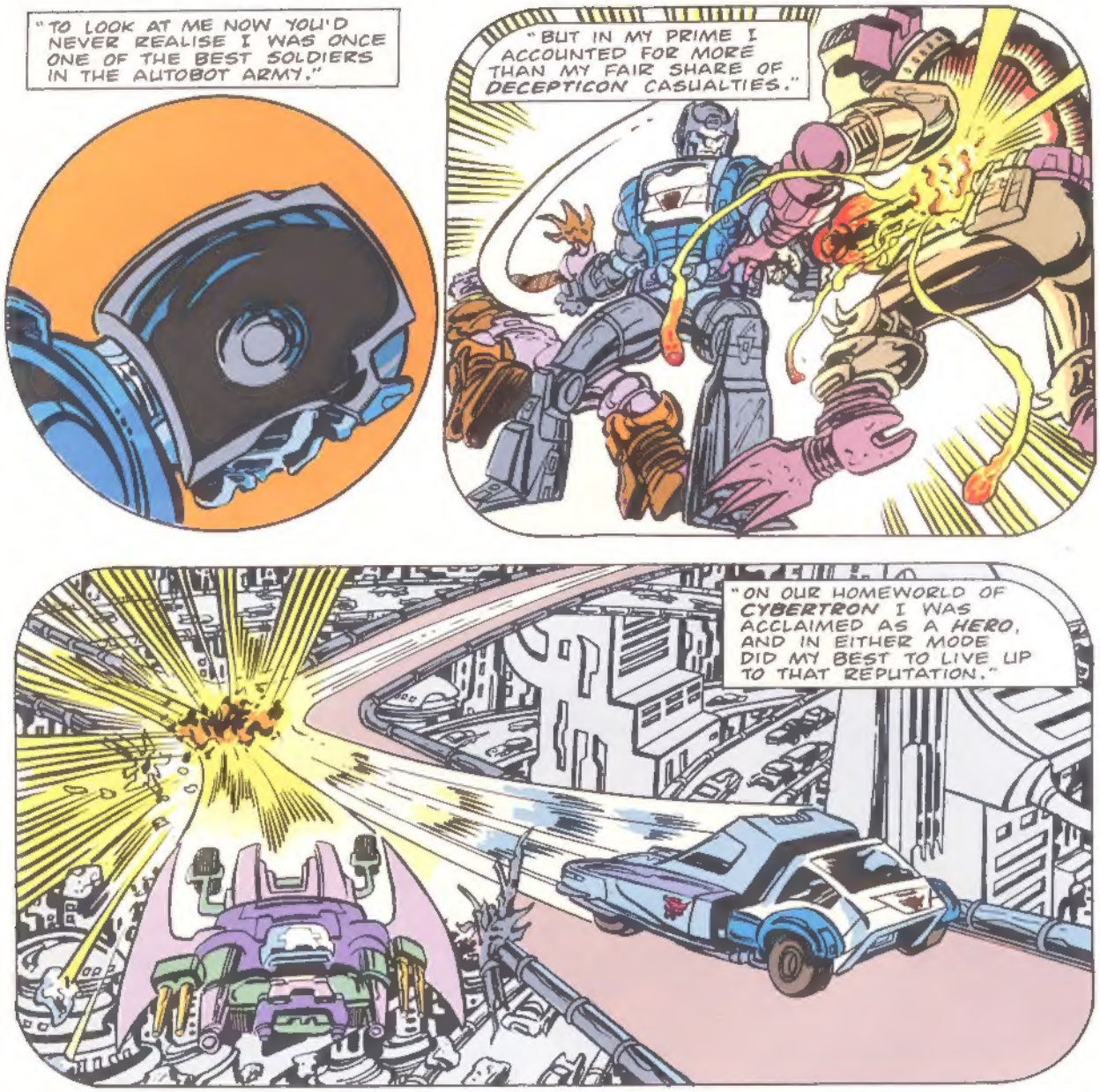
U.S. $1.25 CAN. $1.75
THE TRANSFORMERS™
SORRY, KID - YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN!

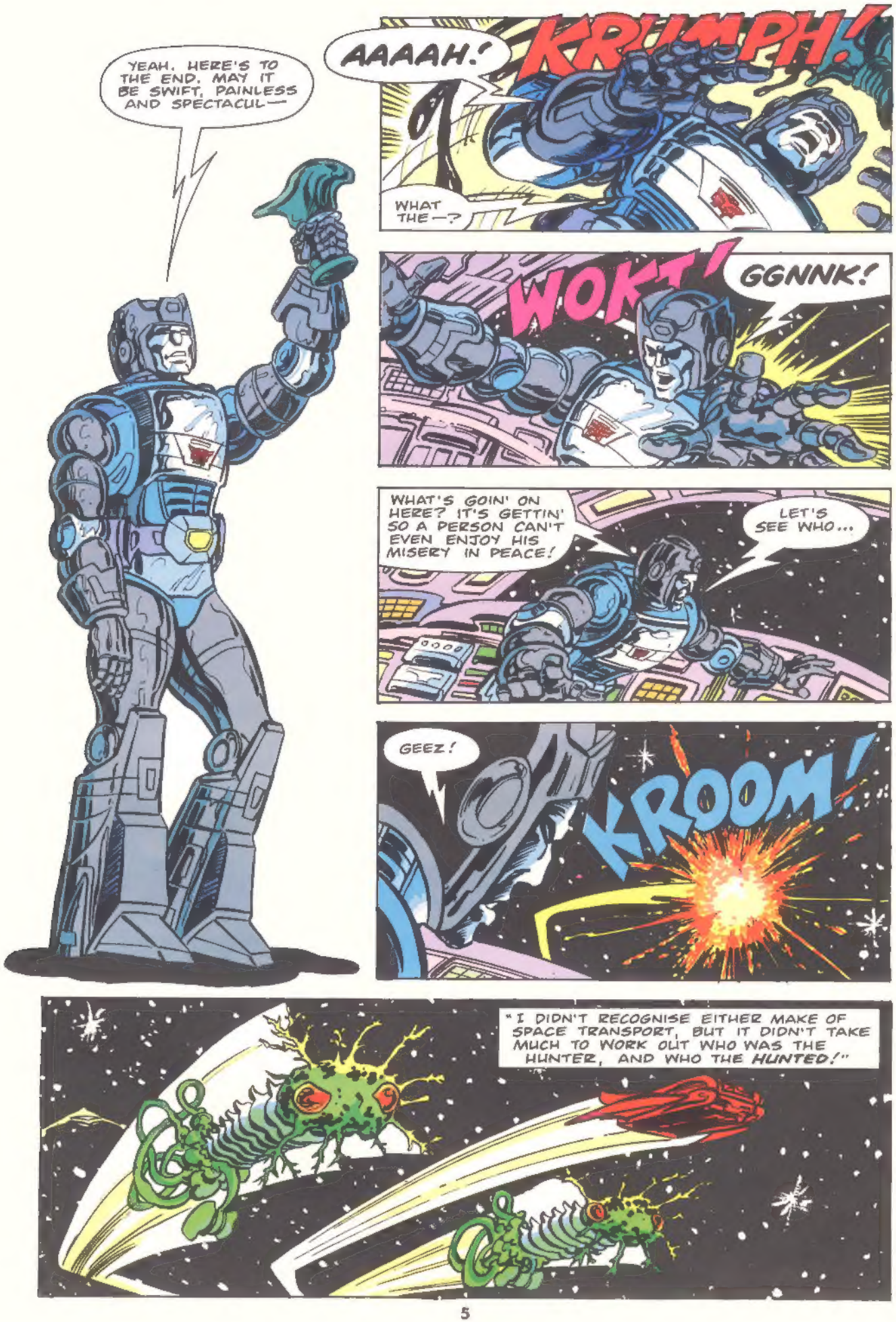
TRANSFORMERS™


"AFTER MILLIONS OF YEARS IN THE FIRING LINE YOU BEGIN TO LOSE YOUR FIGHTING EDGE. YOUR TIMING GOES, YOU START MAKING MISTAKES. END RESULT— YOU BECOME A LIABILITY TO YOUR FELLOW AUTOBOTS."
"THERE'S NO CURE. ONCE YOUR CONFIDENCE IS SHOT— THAT'S IT.' THEY SAY THAT ONLY THE VERY STRONG-WILLED CAN EVER REGAIN WHAT THEY LOST."


KUP'S STORY!
"THESE WAR VETERANS ARE PUT OUT TO PASTURE — GIVEN A SPACECRAFT AND ALLOWED TO DRIFT THROUGH THEIR REMAINING YEARS ALONE."
"I'M ONE SUCH VETERAN. MY NAME'S KUP, AND THIS IS MY STORY..."

Script **SIMON FURMAN** ■ Art: **DAN REED** ■ Letters **ANNIE H** ■ Colour **STEVE WHITE**

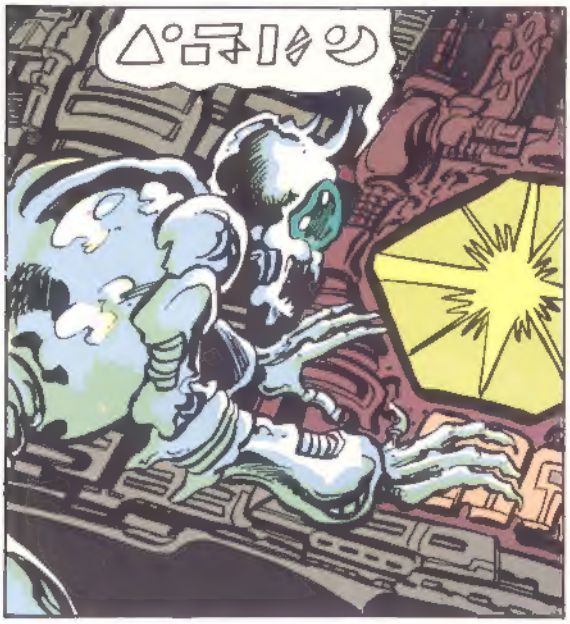

"TO LOOK AT ME NOW YOU'D NEVER REALISE I WAS ONCE ONE OF THE BEST SOLDIERS IN THE AUTOBOT ARMY."
"BUT IN MY PRIME I ACCOUNTED FOR MORE THAN MY FAIR SHARE OF DECEPTICON CASUALTIES."
"ON OUR HOMEWORLD OF CYBERTRON I WAS ACCLAIMED AS A HERO, AND IN EITHER MODE DID MY BEST TO LIVE UP TO THAT REPUTATION."
"EVENTUALLY, THOUGH, MY BEST JUST WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH. THE BATTLES BEGAN TO BLUR INTO ONE ANOTHER — JUST CEASELESS COMBAT, DAY IN DAY OUT."
"THE SKILL, THE COMMITMENT, THE STAMINA WEREN'T THERE ANY MORE, AND RATHER THAN PUT MY FELLOW AUTOBOTS AT RISK I ACCEPTED THIS LIVING DEATH."
"DRIFTING THROUGH SPACE FROM ONE DEAD-END PLANET TO THE NEXT, SEEKING NOTHING AND FINDING LESS. I THINK I'LL ALMOST WELCOME THE END WHEN IT COMES."

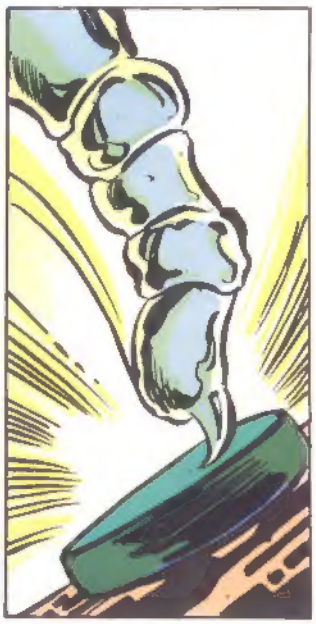

YEAH. HERE'S TO THE END. MAY IT BE SWIFT, PAINLESS AND SPECTACUL—
AAAAH!
KRUMPH!
WHAT THE—?
WOKT!
GGNNK!
WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE? IT'S GETTIN' SO A PERSON CAN'T EVEN ENJOY HIS MISERY IN PEACE!
LET'S SEE WHO...
GEEZ!
KROOM!
"I DIDN'T RECOGNISE EITHER MAKE OF SPACE TRANSPORT, BUT IT DIDN'T TAKE MUCH TO WORK OUT WHO WAS THE HUNTER, AND WHO THE HUNTED!"

" THE TWO LARGER CRAFT WERE EASILY FASTER AND MORE POWERFUL THAN THEIR PREY..."
"...AND THEY HAD TEETH!"
" THEY COULD'VE PICKED OFF THE SMALLER CRAFT ANYTIME. SEEMS THEY WERE TOYING WITH IT; LETTING IT RUN BEFORE THEY GOT BORED AND WIPED IT OUT!"
"I DIDN'T KNOW WHO THE HUNTERS WERE, OR WHY THEY WERE PURSUING THE SMALLER CRAFT, I JUST KNEW I DIDN'T LIKE THEM!"
" THEY REMINDED ME OF DECEPTICONS TOO MUCH!"
GOTTA' DO SOMETHING!
I CAN'T JUST LET THEM PICK HIM OFF LIKE THAT! THIS CRATE MAY BE NOTHING SPECIAL, BUT IT'S GOT SPEED, MANOEUVRABILITY AND AN ARMOURY THAT'LL--
WHAT AM I SAYING?!
ONCE I MIGHT'VE BEEN ABLE TO HELP HIM, BUT NOT NOW! I'D PROBABLY MISS AND END UP SHOOTING HIM OUT OF THE SKY MYSELF!

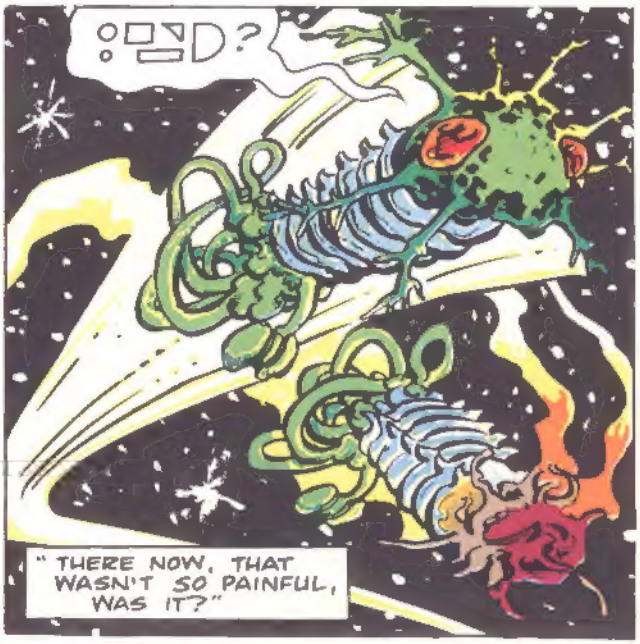
NO — I'VE LEFT THE WAYS OF WAR BEHIND ME — PERMANENTLY. THERE'S NO GOING BACK TO IT, NOT AFTER ALL THIS TIME!
AND... AND ANYWAY, IT'S NOT MY FIGHT...

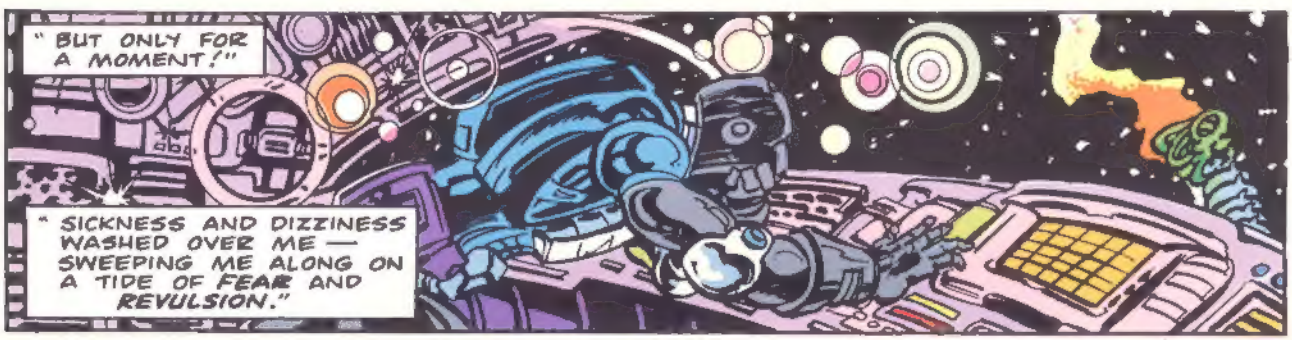
"NOT"
"MY"
"FIGHT."

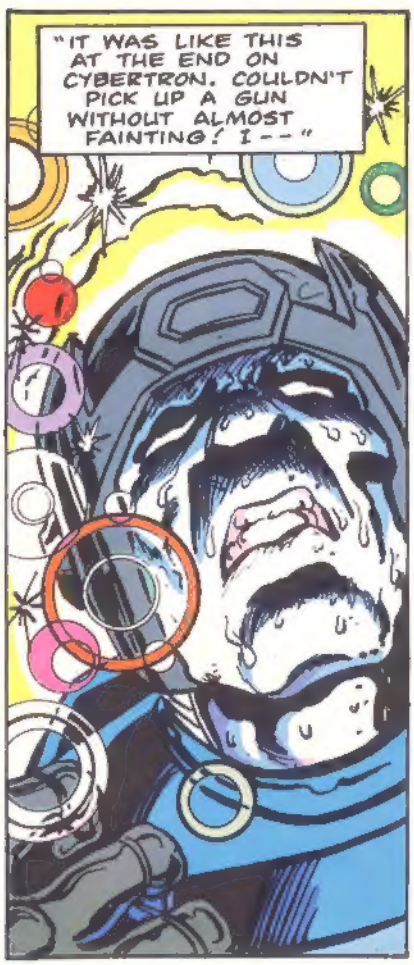


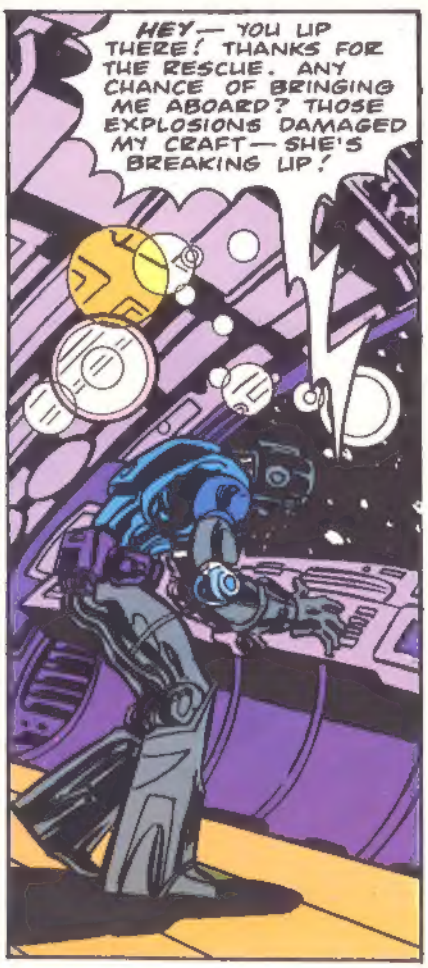


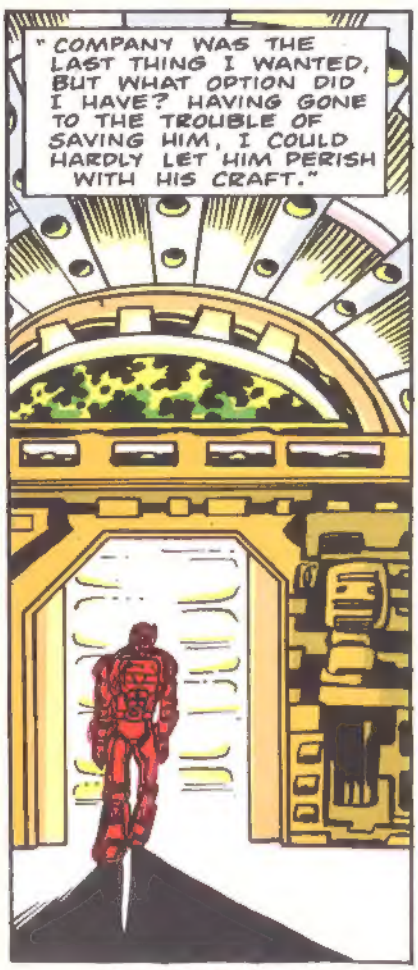
SHREEE!
THAK
AMM


"THERE NOW, THAT WASN'T SO PAINFUL, WAS IT?"



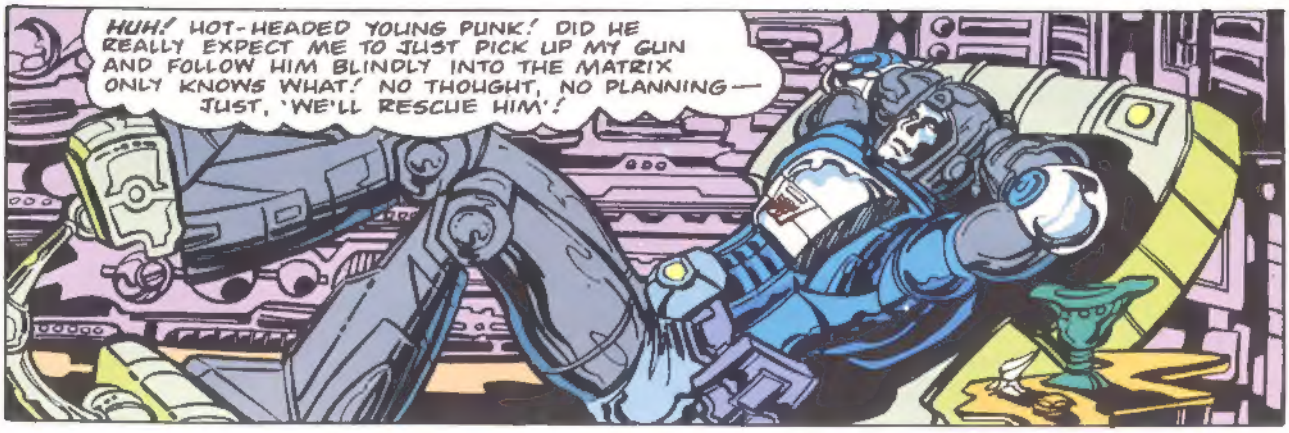



HEY — YOU UP THERE! THANKS FOR THE RESCUE. ANY CHANCE OF BRINGING ME ABOARD? THOSE EXPLOSIONS DAMAGED MY CRAFT — SHE'S BREAKING UP!


" COMPANY WAS THE LAST THING I WANTED, BUT WHAT OPTION DID I HAVE? HAVING GONE TO THE TROUBLE OF SAVING HIM, I COULD HARDLY LET HIM PERISH WITH HIS CRAFT."

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

" COULD I?"
HEY — I DON'T BELIEVE IT! YOU'RE AN AUTOBOT, JUST LIKE ME! THIS IS INCREDIBLE!
HECK, I KNEW AS SOON AS I SAW THAT FIRST TYROXIAN CRAFT GO DOWN, EVERYTHING WAS GONNA' BE GREAT.
IT'S LIKE THIS, ER...
KUP.
PLEASED TO MEET YOU. I'M HOT ROD. ANYWAY, LIKE I WAS SAYING...
WE — THAT IS, ME AND BLURR — WERE ON A SCOUTING MISSION FOR OUR LEADER, FORTRESS MAXIMUS, LOOKING FOR HABITABLE WORLDS, WHEN WE CROSSED SWORDS WITH THE TYROXIANS.
WE WERE CAPTURED, BUT I MANAGED TO ESCAPE IN ONE OF THEIR SHUTTLES. I'D HOPED I COULD MAKE IT TO CYBERTRON FOR REINFORCEMENTS, BUT NOW YOU'RE HERE WE CAN--
HOLD IT, HOLD IT! LOOK, HOT ROD — I'LL TAKE YOU TO CYBERTRON, BUT THAT'S IT! I'VE FINISHED WITH BATTLES, RESCUES AND THE LIKE.
SORRY, KID, BUT THAT'S THE WAY IT IS. IN CASE YOU HADN'T NOTICED I'M RETIRED — AN EX-AUTOBOT.
SAVE IT! NEXT STOP — CYBERTRON!
BUT... BUT...


HUH! HOT-HEADED YOUNG PUNK! DID HE REALLY EXPECT ME TO JUST PICK UP MY GUN AND FOLLOW HIM BLINDLY INTO THE MATRIX ONLY KNOWS WHAT! NO THOUGHT, NO PLANNING— JUST, 'WE'LL RESCUE HIM'!

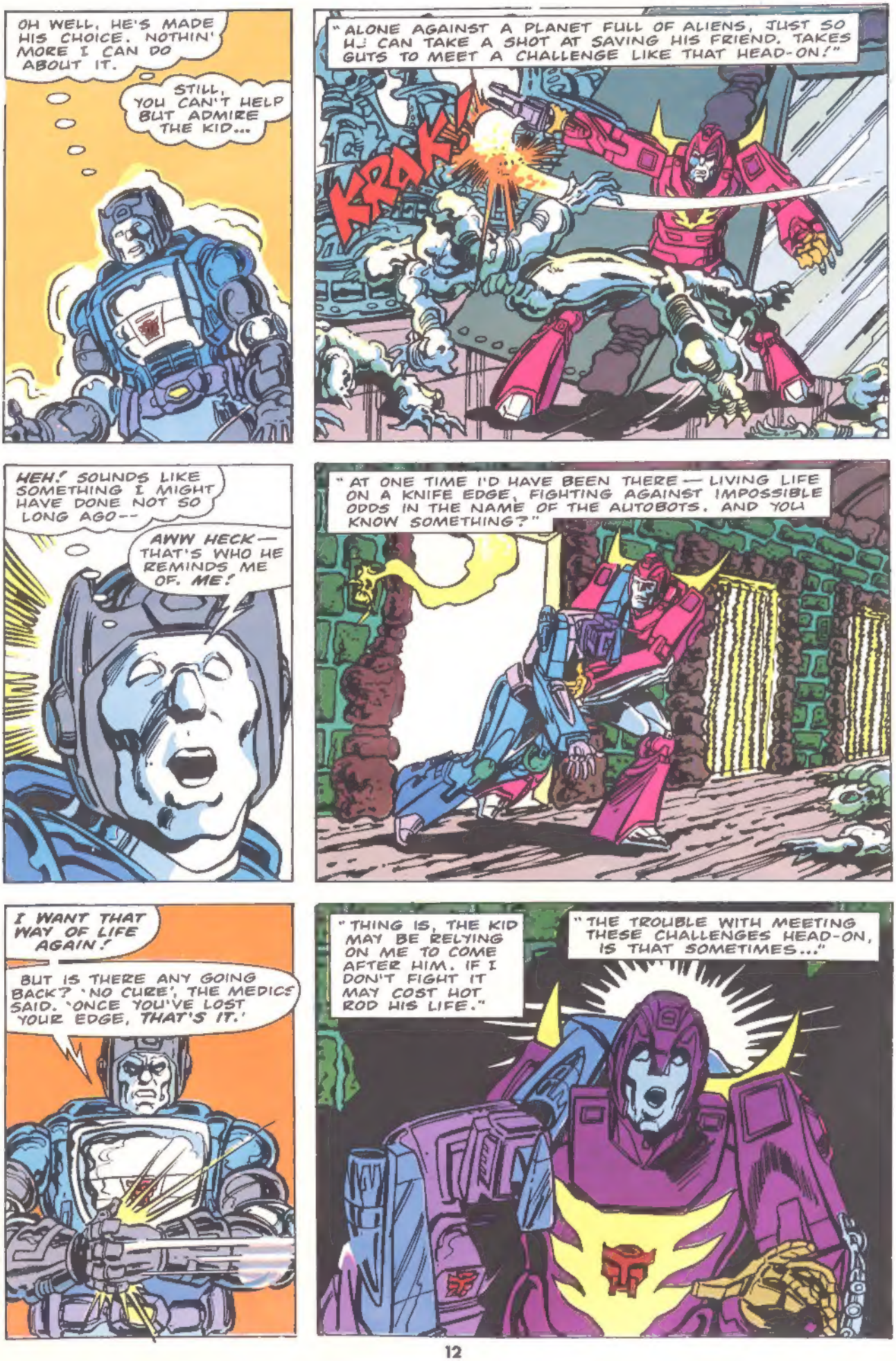
IT'S STRANGE THOUGH, I CAN'T SHAKE THE FEELING THAT HOT ROD REMINDS ME OF SOMEONE I USED TO KNOW... AND RESPECT. I --
REE
EE!
WHAT THE-?

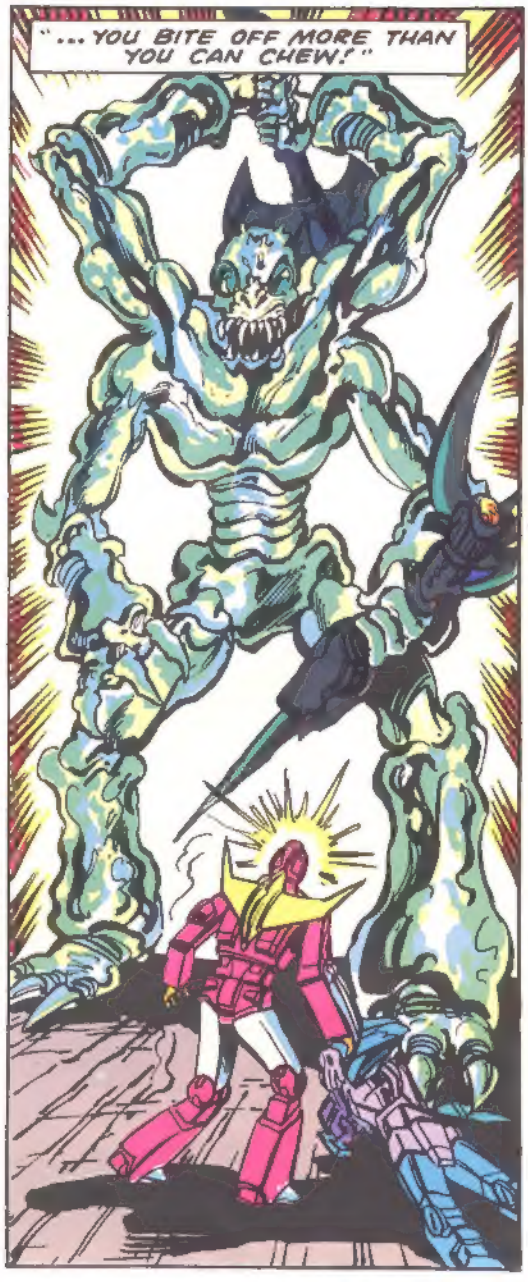
THAT WAS THE PROXIMITY ALARM. SOMEONE MUST HAVE TAMPERED WITH THE COMPUTER'S GUIDANCE SYSTEMS.
THE FIRST PLANET WE SHOULD HAVE REACHED IS CYBERTRON, AND THERE'S NO WAY WE COULD BE THERE YET.

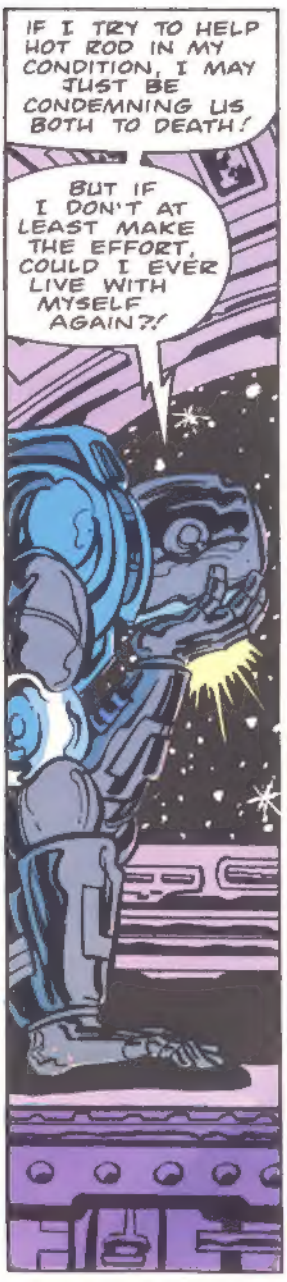
SO WHERE ARE WE? THE PROXIMITY ALARM ONLY SOUNDS...

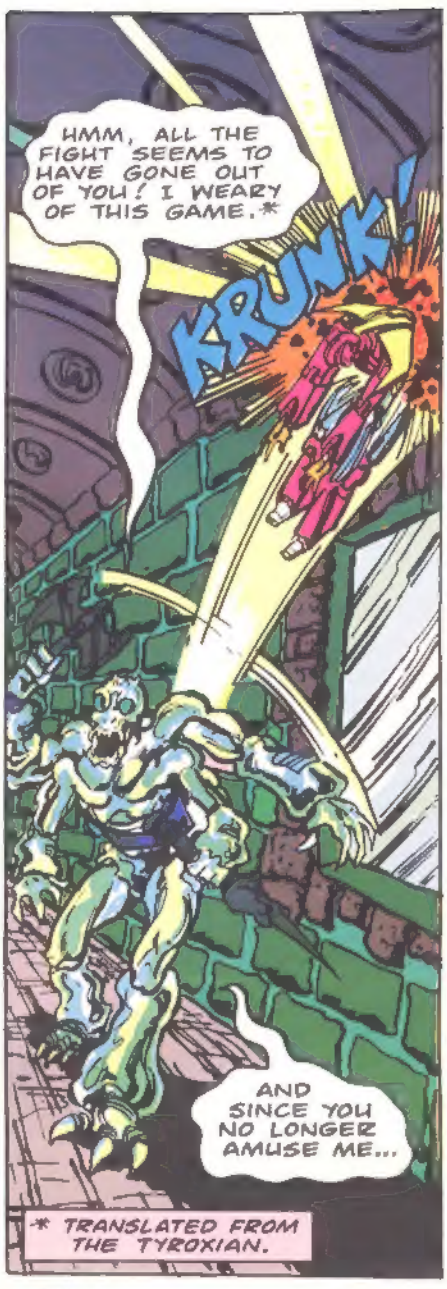
... WHEN THE SHIP'S IN ORBIT!
"TYROXIA — IT HAD TO BE. HOT ROD HAD BROUGHT US BACK TO THE PLANET FROM WHICH HE'D FLED."

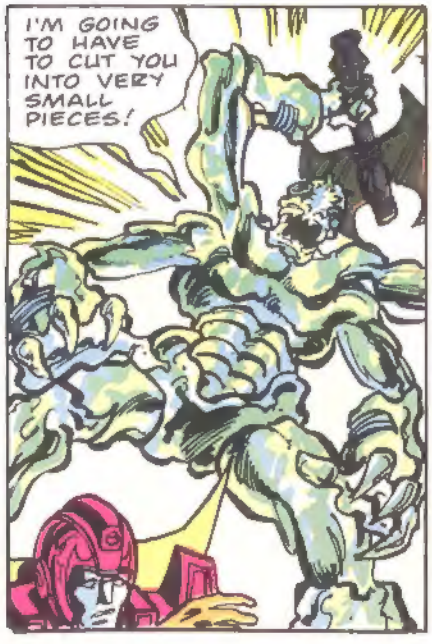
"THE LANDING POD WAS GONE, AND HOT ROD WITH IT. HE NO DOUBT MEANT TO RESCUE BLURR BY HIMSELF. DUMB... DUMB, BUT BRAVE."

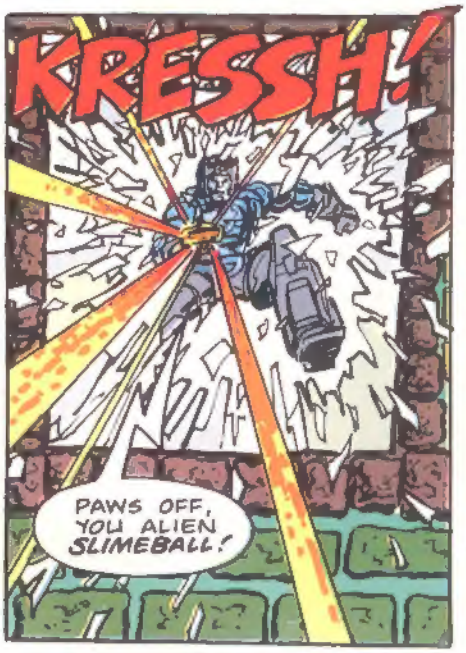

OH WELL, HE'S MADE HIS CHOICE. NOTHIN' MORE I CAN DO ABOUT IT.
STILL, YOU CAN'T HELP BUT ADMIRE THE KID...
"ALONE AGAINST A PLANET FULL OF ALIENS, JUST SO HE CAN TAKE A SHOT AT SAVING HIS FRIEND. TAKES GUTS TO MEET A CHALLENGE LIKE THAT HEAD-ON!"
KRAK!
HEH! SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING I MIGHT HAVE DONE NOT SO LONG AGO--
AWW HECK— THAT'S WHO HE REMINDS ME OF. ME!
"AT ONE TIME I'D HAVE BEEN THERE — LIVING LIFE ON A KNIFE EDGE, FIGHTING AGAINST IMPOSSIBLE ODDS IN THE NAME OF THE AUTOBOTS. AND YOU KNOW SOMETHING?"
I WANT THAT WAY OF LIFE AGAIN!
BUT IS THERE ANY GOING BACK? 'NO CURE', THE MEDICS SAID. 'ONCE YOU'VE LOST YOUR EDGE, THAT'S IT.'
"THING IS, THE KID MAY BE RELYING ON ME TO COME AFTER HIM. IF I DON'T FIGHT IT MAY COST HOT ROD HIS LIFE."
"THE TROUBLE WITH MEETING THESE CHALLENGES HEAD-ON, IS THAT SOMETIMES..."

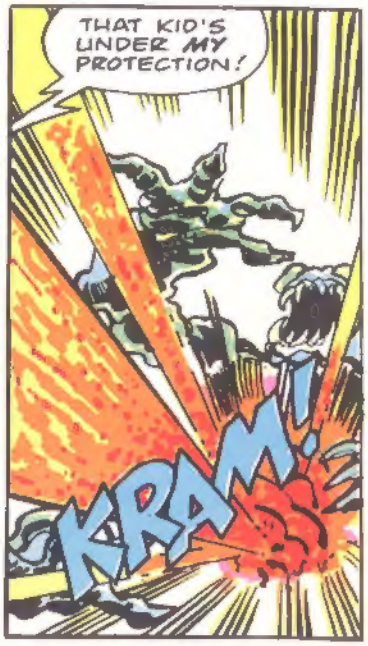

"... YOU BITE OFF MORE THAN YOU CAN CHEW!"


IF I TRY TO HELP HOT ROD IN MY CONDITION, I MAY JUST BE CONDEMNING US BOTH TO DEATH!
BUT IF I DON'T AT LEAST MAKE THE EFFORT, COULD I EVER LIVE WITH MYSELF AGAIN?!


HMM, ALL THE FIGHT SEEMS TO HAVE GONE OUT OF YOU! I WEARY OF THIS GAME.*
KRUNK!
AND SINCE YOU NO LONGER AMUSE ME...
* TRANSLATED FROM THE TYROXIAN.


I'M GOING TO HAVE TO CUT YOU INTO VERY SMALL PIECES!


KRESSH!
PAWS OFF, YOU ALIEN SLIMEBALL!


THAT KID'S UNDER MY PROTECTION!
KRAM!

YOU THOUGHT I WAS BEATEN, DIDN'T YOU? THOUGHT I WAS JUST A WASHED-UP OLD HAS-BEEN! YOU TOLD ME ONLY A STRONG-WILLED PERSON COULD MAKE IT BACK!
WELL, MEET THE STRONGEST, SUCKER!
I'M BACK, WORLD! YOU HEAR ME?
KUP'S BACK!
HUH?
UMM, KUP...
I THINK HE GOT THE MESSAGE!
EPILOGUE.
WELL, THANKS FOR THE DOUBLE RESCUE...
NOW, IF YOU'D JUST DROP US OFF AT CYBERTRON, OLD TIMER, BLURR AND I CAN GET BACK TO WINNING THE WAR, AND YOU CAN GET BACK TO YOUR RETIREMENT.
AFTER ALL, WE CAN'T HAVE YOU PENSIONERS GETTING IN THE WAY!
OLD TIMER? PENSIONER?
LISTEN, KID, I'M COMIN' WITH YOU. IF THEY'RE LETTIN' PUNKS LIKE YOU FIGHT THESE DAYS...
THE AUTOBOT ARMY NEEDS ALL THE HELP IT CAN GET!
NEXT: HEAD HUNT!